A PASTORALL CALLED THE ARCADIA.

Acted by her Majesties Servants at the *Phœnix* in *Drury* Lane.

First Edition.

Written by *Iames Shirly* GENT.

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and are to be sould at the signe of the *Crane*
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The Persons of the Comedy.

Basilius King of Arcadia
Musidorus a Prince disguisd as a shepheard, lover of Pamela,
Pyrocles a Prince disguisd as an Amazon, lover of Philoclea.
Evarchus father to Pyrocles
Calander
Philonax } 3. Arcadian Lords.
Simpathus
Caladolous servant to Musidorus,
Dametas a Rustick shepheard and Guardian to Pamela and
Philoclea. Cupid.
Masquers.
Thumbe a miller Captaine of the Rebells.
Rebells.
A Messenger
Gynecia the Queene.
Pamela } Daughters to Basilius
Philoclea } and Gynecia.
Miso wife to Dametas.
Mopsa daughter to Dametas and Miso.

The Scene Arcadia.

A PASTORALL CALLED THE ARCADIA.

Actus Primus.

Enter Basilius, Philonax and Calander.

Philon.

SIr yet be gracious and heare them pray
That beg not for their owne, but for your safety
And honor of your state which eclipse
In your long darke and melancholly life,
We want you at the helme.
Our duties bind us tell you tis unnaturall
To bury your selfe alive, the people call
For their owne King to governe, the'ile forget
To pray for you if you continue thus
A stranger to em

Cal. Or if not for them
Which every good king makes his care as being
A steward to provide them all earthly blessings,

Yet for the other part of you, our Mistris
That sleepes within your boosome, and not made
For such a conversation, returne
And warme your thoughts agen, about which all
Your servants like so many pictures gaze
At one another, but want motion, and take up
Roome ith' Chambers of your Court, like Arras
Philon Have a compassion to our daughters sir
Kill not your hopes in their restraint
Cal. What cage
Can please the birds Created for skie freedome?
Philon. How can you see your eldest child *Pamela*
Spend her best part of time with such a rude
And ignorant hinde as the unbred *Dametas*?
A Lady of a high and active soule,
Bas. No more
Philon. Our duties bids us tell you this.
Bas. Hast thou forgotten
Philonax, or made a better glosse upon the Oracle?
Should we remaine in Court and let our daughters
Be in the sight of the admiring world
Reade that paper, and be not partiall *Philonax*

Philonax reads

Thy eldest Care shall from thy carefull face
By princely meane be stolne and yet not lost
The younger shall with natures blisse embrace
An uncoth love, which nature hateth most
Both these themselves unto two such shall wed
That at a Beere, as at a barre shall plead
Why ile thee a living man they have made dead,
In thine owne seate a forraigne state shall sit
And ere that all these blowes thy head shall hit
Thou with thy wife adultery shall commit.

Bas. Canst blame me now? I should reioyce to see
My daughters happy mothers, but since their
Fate must be ripened with my blood, their pride
Rooted in my grave, and that untimely, tis

Wildome

Wiſdome to keepe 'em vrgins, I me reſolu'd

Enter Gynecia, Philoclea and Pyrocles.

Cal. Your queene and Ladies

Bas. Vaniſh all diſcontent, Madam this place
Is emptie of all royall entertainement
Your worth may Challenge, but ſince fate allowes not
A Courtly life which beſt may anſwer your
High birth ſpirit, let your vertue guide you
To accept of what we tender,

Pyr. This my Lord
Exceeds all merrit heere, it was the bliſſe
I aimd at to be acquainted with your goodneſſe
I am your humble ſervant

Bas. Such a title
Would rather become me, call me ſo Lady
And ſtile me a bove Kings, while I write yours

Philon. If your grace
Could call him from this life you'd melt the hearts
Of your ſubjects into prayers for you

Gyne. I thanke your care but hees inexorable

Cal. Alas deere princeſſe can you brooke theſe groves
Has not a pallace ſomething more of pleaſure?

Phi. This ſhall be ſo to mee while tis my fathers,

Cal. I ha not ſeene a goodlier perſon, how
Came ſhe admitted? ſhe is gracious with the king

Phi. She has a charme to win from all the world

Philon. I have read the *Amazons* diſcrib'd ſo

Pyr. Good my Lord.

Bas. Theſe lippes had he that robd the dragon of
The golden Apples, but once ſeene he would
Ha wiſh'd to ha gatherd fruit heere, and eſteemd
The gaine of one ſweet kiſſe reward ſufficient
For all his twelve hard labors

Pyr. Sir your grace
Is pleaſantly diſpoſ'd to make my perſon
The ſubject of your mirth

Bas. And had thoſe Creatures,
Booke blinded men, that dreame of other worlds

Tell of *Elizian* blessings, know the joyes
Are in your love they would have lost themselves
As I have done in speculation
Pyr. You make me blush to heare you
Bas. Theres no action
Dares so affright your blood, to talke, why Lady
There be those men and women great and good
Have found no shame in telling of their loves
Nay in the acting
Pyr. Give me leave to tell you
You are not modest if I understand you
A King give breath to such foule thoughts,
Your every action should be a starr
To guide your subjects, if you loose your piety
What wickednesse have they not licence for
If the devotion of your service be.
To such a friend as Lust (as what name else
Can it deserve) let those whose hearts are lost
In sinne be tempted to dishonor, I
Abhor the thought, pardon me royall sir
I hope these are but trialls, if I thought
There had been such a levity in men
Thus to provoke you
Bas. Smooth thy brow agen
Or I shall neede no other punishment
Theres death too much in that; *Philoclea*
Pyr. That name sounds all my comfort, and I must
Dispaire to tell her so, I was to blame
To be so peremptorie, would I were agen;
To shape my answer
Bas. Noble Lady,
Pyr. Sir
Bas. That smile has put me out, oh looke thus ever
I was studying a new complement to begg
Thy excuse
Pyr. If you brought no offence there needes none sir
I must suppose your love, love is noble chaste
Bas. You will finde that hereafter, oh *Zelmane*

Would thou couldſt tell the meaning of my ſighes
Pyr. You can expreſſe them.
Baſ. Not I
Pyr. Chooſe another to ſpeake them for you
And yet I want an orator to tell you
What I would ſay, how ere I ſeeme
Baſ. Doſt bleſſe me
Pyr. Theres ſomething wants a tongue, but for your paſſions
I ſhould not thinke they would carry ſo much diſcord
To any virgin care delivered by a woman
There is a way to meete a gentle audience.
At leaſt not harſh diſdaine, did your faire daughter
Philoclea the volume of all ſweetnes
Pleade halfe your ſuit, altho it borderd on
Something not altogether juſt, her tongue
Might perchance guide it, but I am confident
Your ends are noble
Baſ. Theres a lightening yet
Of comfort, happieſt Lady I will ſtudy,
How to be worthy of this grace,
Gyne. You are expected at the paſtoralls
Philon. We take our leaves my Lord, againe beſeeching
Your pardon for our bouldneſſe to reduce you
To your owne ſpheare of greatnes
Baſ. Doe you continue
Faithfull to your employments, and deſerve of us
And of your Country; come *Zelmane*
There are ſome ſports which you muſt grace
Pyr. I waite a ſervant to your commands
Gy. Come ſweete *Zelmane*
Pyr. Come ſweeteſt of thy ſex
Phi. Tis pittie nature.
Made thee not a man, this complement
Would then become you *Exeunt.*

Enter Pamela and Mopſa.

Pam. *Mopſa* you are to coy in my opinion
Tho I confeſſe your beauty may deſerve
As much as any; *Dorus* tho he be

Your fathers ſervant, hee's a hanſome ſhepheard
And not to be diſpiſed.

Mop. Diſpiſed, cannot a virgin love a young man I pray but ſhe muſt diſpiſe him.

Pam. You ſhould then with ſome ſmiles encourage him.

Mop. Smoyles, let me alone to ſmoile, and ſomething elſe when we are alone; if I thought he did not love me, I know what I know

Pam. Alas poore man he cannot ſleepe for you he ſaies,

Mop. Nay and I were a bed with him he ſhould not ſleepe ſo long as his eyes were open, I'de watch him for that, but doe you thinke my father would let us couple in matrimony as they ſay, he has never a ſonne but I and I am his onely daughter.

Pam. Make no ſcruple of that, if you can finde in your heart to love him, in the name of *Cupid* goe together, for ought I perceive your father houlds a good opinion of him, marry I know not how your mother is inclinde *Enter Muſidorus.*

Mop. Whoope my mothers a ſcould

Pam. Heres your ſweete heart,
Looke you make much of him, poore Gentleman
How love is able to tranſport, who could
Expect ſo rich a gueſt in that poore dwelling
Oh how ere the windes compell him, or the ſtreame
Into whoſe troubled waves he has launch'd forth
This way he ſteeres his love, yet I ſeeme ignorant,

Muſ. My deereſt *Mopſa*

Mop. Deere; I never coſt you any thing

Muſ. I know not
At what expence of fortunes were I able
I ſhould be willing to make purchaſe of you
But I'me ſure you have already coſt my heart
And yet I find yours made of Marble
Which neither pitty nor my prayers can ſoften,
Sweete Madam pleade for me, one gracious word
From you would make me happie, let one beame
Shoot from your eye, and it will ſtrike a ſpring
Into that frozen peece of earth, and make it
A bower for love to ſport in, 'tis in you

To unarme her noble heart, there's too much ſteele
And gentle love in vaine attempts to faſten
The ſofter blowes.
Pam. *Mopſa* take heed, your Shepheard can ſpeake well
And if he be honeſt *Menalcus* brother
And heire, I know no reaſon why you ſhould
Thinke ſcorne of him.
Mop. But for all his queint ſpeeches Ile keepe my honeſtie cloſe enough I warrant you
Muſ. Why ſhould you be ſo cruell, nature made
Your face the onely object of mans wonder
Mop. Does my face looke like a flapiack?
Muſ. Is't poſſible there can be a ſoule ſo hard
So vnrelenting dwell in that faire body?
If you knew the truth of my affection and with what
Religion it lookes upon your vertues.
I would teach youreye compaſſion, gracious princeſſe
Let the diſtreſſed *Dorus* gaine this mercy
From you that with the bleſſednes of your
White hand reaching to *Mopſa* this poore toy
Which late I found my love may cheriſh hope
At laſt to be accepted
Mop. Oh fine what's that Madam?
Pam. You muſt yet be a little coy to receive it
Mop. I wonot have it, and he would give it me
Pam. A rich Iewell the figure of a Crabfiſh (way
Muſ. The trew emblem of my loves pace which lookes another
To that it moves, ſhe cannot but diſtinguiſh
Whether I would direct my heart, her eyes
Are fixt upon't, and my poore ſoule could heere
Star-gaze for ever
Pam. By force not choyce—all his deſire is *Mopſa*
To win your grace by my preſenting it
Mop. Ile take it for your ſake, I wonot thanke him
Muſ. She has no apprehenſion, with what
A calme and careleſſe temper does ſhe give it *Enter Dametas*
Dame. Madam *Pamela*, oh are you there, tis well
Pam. Whats the matter?

Dame.

Dame. Ime out of breath, let me walke my ſelfe a little

Pam. What haſte does tire you?

Dam. Tire me, I am no woman, keepe your tires to your ſelfe Nor am I *Pericles* prince of *Tyre.*

Pam I doe beleeve it, heaven make you an honeſt ſubject, For a wiſe one, I diſpaire to ſee you.

Dam. Am I the ſubject of your talke? But I give you leave to uſe your tongue, y'are a woman, *Dorus* what make you ideling heere? is the field dung'd as I gave Directions, and the Calfe with the white face brought home to execution?

Muſ. I was carefull in my dutie.

Pam. Beleeve me governor there is much hope of your ſervant,

Dam. I, governour becomes you, I like it well when you carry an M vnder your girdle, our govern, he will do pritty well in time, when I have taught him the manners of the Cart, he begins whiſtle in tune already, and can cutry favour with the horſes, but now I remember my ſelfe I forgot what I came hither for, oh dee heare tis the king your fathers pleaſure and mine, that you make haſte to the lodge.

Pam. Ile attend

Dam. There will be gambolls to pleaſe my Lady *Salamandor.*

Pam. Zelmane you would ſay.

Dam. I care not what you ſay, but if you meane to heare the Dances and ſee the fine ſongs you muſt make haſte; *Dorus* you ſhall have leave to ſhake your heeles, looke you be mannerly, and ſhew a cleane calf, *Mopſa* whats that you ha got there?

Mop. A fine thing our man *Dorus* ga me, he ſaies tis a fiſh

Dam. Tis a Codds head iſt not, much came how you by this

Muſ. Following the plow I found it.

Dam. Would all my acres were ſowne with ſuch, vmh dores he throw his ſtones at thee already, well ſet forward, if thou dieſt before me *Dorus* Ile make ſome body mine heire; if I out live thee, I wonot ſay what legacie I meane to beſtow upon thee, Continue thy dutie *Dorus* and follow me with a reverence. *Exeunt*

Enter Baſilius, Gynecia, Pyrocles, Pamela, Philoclea, Mopſa, Muſidorus, a Shepheards.

Baſ. Ladies our revells wants the ſtate and glory

With

With which the Court delights might charme your ſenſes
Our ſceane is naturall but interpret fairely 'twas meant
A cure for times ſicke feathers, and your mirth,
— *Gy.* Virtue will prompt you to
Accept what was intended for your ſervice
Yet 'tis within my wiſhes to ſalute you
With other teſtimony of your welcome.
Pyr. I kiſſe your white hand,
Gy. Every touch conveies a fierce ſpirit through my blood
I ſhall betray my ſuffering, and through my eyes
Let out my heart, *Philoclea* ſit
Phi. Wilt pleaſe you reſt your ſelfe?
Pyr. Dwell heere for ever
I am now but one degree from heaven,
Phi. Since you imagine you are ſo neere, it is no ſin
I hope to entreate you ſtaie with us a little, I would,
Wiſh tho to make you bleſt with too haſtie a remove,
Pyr. You are all goodnes, oh that I durſt but give.
Some liberty to my impriſoned thoughts
Gy. Philoclea you hinder the faire ſtranger.
Pyr. Pardon me that am her trouble rather
Bas. She ſhould want vertue to call you ſo, but they begin
Dametas is the ſteward for this dayes mirth I ſee, *Enter Dametas*
And meanes to bring in the firſt courſe.

Dam. Cupid *is blind ſome ſay but there are lyes*
Abroad, for Cupid *never wanted eyes*
He is a Deity with bow and arrow
And he can pirce with it the very marrow
And never hurt the bones, iſt not a wonder.
That flaming Ice ſhould cut mans heart in ſunder, *Enter* Cupid
Behold the Dandiprat that liv'd at Court. *Shepheard Muſedo.*
But is come hether to make country ſport *Mopſa and Miſo:*
A wooddy god: but yet a very Coult
Among the maids who feele his furious boult.
Now Cupid *ſpeake thy ſelfe or while they play*
Sing if you pleaſe I ha' not more to ſay.

Cupid. *Tell me tydings of my mother.*
Shepheards, and be Cupids *brother*
Downe from heaven we came together
With swanns speede came she not hither?
But what Lady have I spyde.
Just so was my mother eyde
Such her smiles wherein I dwelt
In those lips have I been felt
Those the pillowes of her breſt
Which gave Cupid *so much reſt.*
'Tis she' tis she make holyday
Shepheards Carroll Dance and play
'Tis Venus *it can be no other*
Cupid *now has found his mother*

Gy. This was your poetrie, *Zelmane*
You are beholding to him, he would make
You another I ſee,
Baſ. Gynecia
Gy. I am ſilent — *Philoclea* is too neere
I am not well 'oth ſudden, breake off your mirth
Baſ. What ayles *Gynecia?*
Gy. My heart is ſicke
Pyr. Forbid it heaven
Baſ. Retire, come my *Zelmane*
Pyr. I attend
Baſ. Looke to your charge *Dametas* *Exeunt.*
Pam I have a pretious time; will you pace it governor?
Dam. Trot, amble or gallop Ile runne in your hand Lady. *Exit.*
Mop. Come *Dorus*
Muſ. Your humble ſervant *Exeunt.*
Pyr. Thou art cruell.
To an innocent boſome love, there is no way
Within thy power to ſave me, oh *Philoclea*
Where ſhall I coole my heart, oh if there be
One ſhaft can kill, good *Cupid* ayme at me.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Gynecia and Miso.

Mi. I warrant you Madam they shall have good lucke if they whisper together in my hearing,

Gy. Where is *Zelmane*?

Miso. In some of the Arbours, she tooke a Lute abroad with her but I left *Philoclea* with her father

Gy. Prithee be carefull and watch them well good *Miso*

Miso. They shano't scape me, Ile watch their waters narrowlie I warrant you. *Exit.*

Gy. I see through his disguise 'tis so, and love
Hath put this shape on him for *Philoclea*,
In what a miserable flame I burne!
Zelmane thou hast stolne.
My vertue from me, I ha'not power to thinke
A harmelesse thought, ha Musique, *Musique. Song*
From whence breathes that sound? it is *Zelmane*. *Pyrocles sings*

Pyr. What miserable accident brought her? *Enter Pyrocles.*

Gy. *Zelmane*

Pyr. Madam I hope you'l pardon
The trespasse of a rude hand and voyce, I meant not
This for your curious eare

Gy. 'Twas harmony

Pyr. It was no light aire I'me sure

Gy. Indeede it carried some thing me thought
Of sorrowes descant, I heard love i'nt too
Who is so happie to deserve a memorie
But in your sigh, come whoe's your servant?

Pyr. I have no servant.

Gy. Nay then I see you can dissemble, my husband

Py. Madam I hope

Gy. Nay I am so farre from Iealosie I should not
Be angry to see you both a bed together

Pyr. How Madam

Gy. Why I can love you too, come thou sha't be my bed-fellow.

Pyr. I am not worthy
Gy. Beleeve me I could take as much delight
In thy imbraces as my husbands, why
Are we so nice to one annother, I
Am a woman, are not you so too?
Why should we not be bould then, I have a mind
To call thee Mistris, Yes and Ile disguise.
My selfe in some queint shape to court thy love:
Pyr. Disguise
Gy. Nay do not blush: thou shalt be a man
Pyr. Your discourse appeares.
Strange to me Madam.
Gy. As you would to me
And yet you may as easily perceive
Gynecias mind as I distinguish you
Through all your clouds, *Cupid* doth dictate rarely.
To those that come to schoole to him, instruct
With hansome shaddowes to deceive the eye
But cannot change my substance, I have a sense
Can looke beyond the superficiall barke
Come y'are transparen't
Pyr. Madam what dee meane?
Gy. What meanes *Zelmane* to be igonrant
When a Queene pleads for love, my heart will not
Allow more circumstance; doe not question
How you became reveald, but pitty her
Whose boosome is tormented with those fires
Thy smiles the only greater flame can quench.
Pyr. Pray heaven, you have your perfect senses.
Gy. Then I must be plainer, and be witnesse love
I am compell'd, be witnesse modesty,
I now must blush for thee more then my selfe,
A man, and be so cruell to a Lady
Zelmane either give consent I shall
be welcome to thee, or I vow by heaven
To tell *Basilius* what thou art, I have.
Patience to let him court thee as a woman
But when he see's his love abuse his privacie

And daughters ſo diſhonor'd hadſt thou a thouſand
Lives they were all forfeited by this.
So deſperate in truſion, thinke uppon't
A woman I have loſt thee, wheither will
The tempeſt of my fate inforce my tongue
Yet be thou kinde *Zelmane* if thou takſt
A glory in my ſuffering. *Philoclea*
Does that name ſtartle you? *Philoclea*
My rivall now
Pyr. Your rivall
Gy. Come I am familliar with every thought
Your deere ſaint ſhall repent it, for this hand
Shall take againe the unluckie life I gave her:
Turne not *Gynecia* fury
Pyr. I am loſt
In the ſame minute I am found, I prithee
Doe not forſake me heart, I never had
More uſe of thee, great Queene can you forgive?
Gy. And aske thy pardon, but beleeve me t'was
Your ſtrangenes did compell me to this language
Py. I never thought that pitty of annother
Could be a reaſon to betray my ſelfe
But you have throughly charm'd me, and I muſt
Deliver up my thoughts, the truth is Madam
I am a man, and if you dare beleeve me
A prince, I muſt confeſſe beſide *Gynecia*
Since I came heither I have had ſome ſprinckling of
I know not what affection to *Philoclea*
For how could I imagine ſuch a bleſſednes
From you, but if you mocke not
Gy. Ioyes reward your pittie
Oh pardon the over chardg'd *Gynecia*
Whoſe error may be yet made more excuſable
By the immortall name of love
Pyr. This grace is worth more then *Zelmane*, and yet I
Have nothing but my ſelfe to give you for it
A ſmall but free guift, beſtow me as you pleaſe
Gy. My ſoule is narrow to receive this wide bleſſing.

Pyr. But me must be wise
It were not safe to be observ'd stand I
Discover'd to none else?
Gy. To none
Py. Then know
I want no apprehension of what
True lovers would desire, but your honor is
My owne, if shortly to secure 'em both
You let me study an opportunity
Ile bring your wishes home, and blesse my starrs
That pointed me the glorious fate, we are
Already interrupted

Enter Basilius and Philoclea.

Bas. Doe this my deere *Philoclea*, and leave
My cares to thee, Ile call *Gynecia*
Away, and leave you both together, how
Faireth the best *Zelmane*?
Pyr. Still your servant
Bas. Gynecia.
Pyr. I cannot rule my eyes they will betray
My cunning to *Gynecia* if she goe not
Hence quickly
Phi. How is it with my vertuous *Amazon*?
Gy. Philoclea
Bas. Let her alone, they have some busines sweete
Gy. What busines can they have together?
Bas. Why art thou troubled, thou would'st be jealous
Of me I see, were I in privat with her,
Come let 'em alone a while
Gy. Stay you and spare not I would imploy *Philoclea*
Bas. You shall obay me now, I prithee walke *Exeunt.*
Phi, My father sweete *Zelmane* to whose command
I owe my life
Pyr. First let me give my life
Vp to these lips, and take a new one from
This kisse, oh deere *Philoclea* containe
All other breath I know thy fathers minde
Already, and must now beseech thy patience

To a ſhort ſtory which I muſt deliver
Or dy before thee, if it be within
My deſteny to be condem'd by you
At leaſt know whom you ſentence; I am
Phi. What? I feare not well
Pyr. Cannot your eyes diſcover me, have I a ſhrowd
To hide me from *Philoclea*? did the kiſſe
I gave thee laſt convey no ſecret to thee?
There was a ſpirit in my lip aſſur'd me,
To ſave the tedious trouble of my langnage,
I heard it whiſper ſomething, did it not?
I would be faine undone
Phi. Good heaven forbid
Pyr. You wonot underſtand me yet *Philoclea*
Then Ile undoe my ſelfe, I am not what
I ſeeme *Zelmane*; but—
Phi. What?
Pyr. A thing not worth the name, if you frowne on me, a man
Phi. A man, good heaven—
Pyr. I have tould you all the worſt
If it be no offence to name a prince
Whoſe memory your owne breath oft hath ſweeten'd
I dare be call'd *Pyrocles* of *Macedon*
Transform'd by loving your faire ſelfe to this
Feminine ſhape, if now I have not ſinn'd
Above forgivenes.
Phi. Oh *Philoclea*
Come not too neere I charge you; I would chide,
But dare not, would you had not tould me this
Indeed you were to blame, I muſt not heare you
Excuſe your ſelfe
Pyr. She muſt not leave me thus
But ſhe returnes
Phi. I have loſt my ſelfe already,
And love is but a blinde guide to direct
My virgin ſteps, I faine would reply ſomething
But feele a tremblinge in my voyce, *Zelmane*
My father, what account ſhall I give him *Enter Baſilius*

I have ſaid nothinge he commanded
Bas. She ſmiles
Pyr. My Lord I ſee you can uſe the advantage
And I did arme you againſt my ſelfe; I did not
Thinke when I adviſ'd you make *Philoclea*
Your advocate, ſhe could ſo much have wonne
Vpon me, but my counſell has betray'd me,
Pray thinke me not immodeſt, if my words
Doe fall too rudely from me, your faire daughter
Whoſe tongue would lay a charme uppon the gods,
Hath gain'd all this.
Bas. The gods reward her for it
Phi. Was this his plot?
Bas. A thouſand bleſſings overtake my child
But not a word, not a word *Philoclea*
To thy mother
Phi. I have learnt my duty ſir
Pyr. Beſhrew your haſte
Bas. Remove, convey thy ſelfe away deere girle, Ile follow
Phi. My heart is full, and tho my tongue denies
Him farwell, he may reade it in my eye. *Exit.*
Bas. I knew thou couldſt not chooſe at laſt but give
My heart an audience; I am not my ſelfe
With the imagination
Pyr. Of what?
Bas. Of any thing; come I allow thee modeſt, it is not
fit we ſhould ſay our pleaſures, ſweete, but act them
Pyr. You are to violent my Lord, I ſhall
Repent my freedome, if you give no limit
To your deſires, if you doe love your ſervant,
Husband your flame that it may laſt
Bas. It ſhall
Pardon me deere *Zelmane*, I have a ſtock
Of blood, tho you may thinke it could is high
And active as the veynes of promiſing youth
I weare this ſnow but a diſguiſe
Pyr. Poore winter,
Bas. My haires are black at roote, and ſhall grow up

Faire

Faire as the Ebony and curle themſelues
Into a thouſand pretty caves for love
It ſelfe to ſit that beſt delights in darknes
Pyr. This will be ſtrange.
Bas. 'Tis you that worke theſe miracles
Vpon *Baſilius*, as I came heither
I felt a ſcore of yeares drop off, which hung
Vpon my locks
Pyr. A ſcore of haires you meane: tis molting time
Containe your ſelfe a while, you have
A jealous queene, and yet it goes againſt my Conſcience
To wrong ſo ſweete a Lady, pray my Lord,
Thinke better ont
Baſ. This Does inflame me more
Be not ſo cruell to remember her
Thou muſt preſerve my life.
Py. Well I ha thought a way
Shall perfect all without ſuſpition
There is a cave hard by which nature made
Intending well to lovers, thether will I
With licence of your grace pretending
To exerciſe a few dayes ſome devotions
We *Amazons* have obligation to
At ſome convenient houre.
Baſ. May I come to thee
Pyr. Ile give you notice in ſome evening
Baſ. *Zelmane* now thou doſt raviſh me
Py. You may with eaſe ſecure all at the lodge
Baſ. Moſt excellent
Pyr. I imagin ſir the reſt but doe not come till I deſire you
Baſ. Be not tedious then, I will prepare all this
Pyr. I hope you doe not
Conclude me impudent that I encline
To doe this for you, by my hopes of a bleſt
Eternitie nor love nor luſt ere tempted
My thoughts to yeild thus much to any man
Be carefull of my honor.
Baſ. Oh devine *Zelmane* keepe my ſoule. *Exit.*

Pyr. *Philoclea* mine *Enter Musidorus*
Mus. Oh my deere *Pyrocles*
Pyr. How ist deere Cozen
Mus. Never till now could you salute me happy
The gods have beene propitious
Pyr. Will she know thee yet?
Mus. There's nothing wants to make me perfect blest
But to heare thee pronounce thy love as fortunate
The envious clouds which interpose themselves
Like a darke Curtaine ore *Pamelas* face.
Are drawne away and I enjoy her smile
She does beleeve my proofes, sweetely excusing
Her long neglect, and promiseth as much
As I dare aske: sheel' trust me with her person
I want but opportunity to deceive
Our waking Dragons;—and in good time *Dametas*. *Enter Dame*
Away you shall know all my fate hereafter,
Pyr. I joy in thy successe, pray thou for mine. *Exit.*
Dam. Where is this rascall *Dorus*
Mus. Whether were I best to tell the King ont first or seeke out
Dametas, hee'l never be able to spend it, there may be gold
Enough to purchase halfe *Arcadia*
Dam. Vmh, what's that?
Mus. Ile seeke him out at all adventures; oh sir, pray is this
Gold—and this and this?
Dam. Ha gold, yes very good gold, where hadst it
Mus. You shall heare more hereafter (it
Dam. *Dorus*, honest *Dorus*, put on thy hat, where where hadst
Mus. Did you never heare of one *Aristomines*?
Dam. He was banish'd *Arcadia*
Mus. Was he rich
Dam. Infinite rich, so rich
Mus. 'Tis so, belike he there had all his treasure
Dam. What treasure, where i'st honest *Dorus* tell me
Mus. You are my Master and may be my Father
Dam. My sonne *Dorus*, *Mopsa* is thine, and she were made of as pure gold as this, thou shouldst touch her, and melt her
Mus. Well I see it was ordained to make you rich

In

In dutie Ile diſcover it, and yet——

Dam. Out with it good *Dorus*

Muſ. Well—ſitting beneath an oake that ſhall be nameleſſe I chanc'd to turne up ſome turff with my mole-ſpade

Dam. With thy mole ſpade, what then

Muſ. I ſaw a yellow brightnes peeping out oth' ground, which when I came to examine I prov'd this mettall, I this was the firſt, y'are ſure 'tis gold, you ſhall pardon me for the reſt but if theſe will do you any pleaſure, or twentie more

Dam. Nay good honeſt *Dorus* proceede.

Muſ. Why the truth is I ſuſpect where a great treaſure has been Long buried, theſe it ſeemes were ſcatter'd when the reſt Went to the pit-hole.

Dam. But where is this place good *Dorus*? thou haſt no more About thee

Muſ. No but if you pleaſe to furniſh me with tooles Ile trye The bottome; I digd till I came to a ſtone, whoſe inſcription Promiſ'd ſomething worth a mans labour

Dam. Did it ſound

Muſ. Melodiouſly a goulden tune

Dam. Where, where, thou maiſt tell me thou knoweſt I Am ſecret

Muſ. For *Mopſa* ſake I will reveal't, you know, The oake where you firſt met me

Dam. Ha very well

Muſ. On the right ſide of that ſame ſpreading tree Lies all this riches

Dam. As th'art honeſt

Muſ. As I hope to be deere *Mopſa's* husband, Ile get ſtrong tooles And bring you better proofe

Dam. Stay *Dorus* ſtay, let me ſee As I intend to be your father *Dorus* And ſo in *Mopſas* name make you my heire Of all my wealth, good *Dorus* I am yet Till things and things be done your Maſter *Dorus* Beſide that ground is mine, the Oake is mine Where under lies this treaſure, I am Lord Lord of the ſoyle my *Dorus*, of the ſoile

I am content to be a ground for you
To build to hopes on *Dorus*, but my ground
No man ſhall dig or build on but my ſelfe.
On ſuch as this, be there a myne
Of Coyne or vncoyne mettall it is mine
All may be yours annother day my *Dorus*.
Muſ. I know my duty ſir and cannot thinke
The gods had ere a lotted my free mind
To ſerve you but for ſome ſtrange end
Dam. In this thou ſhewſt it, keepe all cloſe, not a word *Dorus*, I take no leave be carefull my good *Dorus* of my young Madam, 'tis a charge I turne over to thee, over looke her well.
Muſ. I meane to doe it doubly
Dam How, ha you a duble meaning?
Muſ. I meane with double care
Dam. Honeſt *Dorus* 'tis the laſt ſervice I ſhall put thee to.
Muſ. I hope ſo to
Dam. Now to the Oake my golden land marke
Muſ. Load a horſe with tooles ſir
Dam. Mattocks and ſhovells
Muſ. Hookes and ladders.
Dam. Spade and Pickaxes
Muſ. Ropes and daggers; youl have no helpe
Dam. No no, a mans owne toyle
Sweeter the profit makes in his owne ſoyle. *Exit*
Muſ Goe thy wayes for the Lord a'th ſoyle
Theres one blocke out a'th way the golden flie,
Has caught this trowte, my jealous Miſtris I
Hope ſhe ore heard not
Miſ. Oh that my eares had beene long enough to have heard ſome of there pretious Knaverie
Muſ. It were but charitie to tell her on't, little does my Miſtris Thinke what a fleſh flie my Maſter is,
Miſ. What ſaies the Knave
Muſ. Tho ſhe be a little ſtricken in yeares ſhe is hanſome enough For as good a man as *Dametas*, and he to runne neighing A this faſhion after a blowſe, and then put me to make excuſe

For

For him, 'tis not right.

Mis. Oh fidious Rascall, I thought there was some roguerie, *Dorus* as thou com'st of a woman tell me

Mus. What forsooth

Mis. Oh naughty man to vse an honest woman the wrong way thus, have I beene married so many yeares, and carried my selfe like his lawfull wife uprising and downe lying as they say, so even and jumpe with his desires to be thus handled, but Ile be reveng'd it shall fall heavie vpon his head for this I warrant him, nay I did alwaies suspect him for a co't

Mus. What meane you forsooth,

Mis. Come I ouer-heard somewhat to my griefe, and therefore leaue your bogling and your trim tram tricks you must not flap me o'th mouth with fleering and with flams whilst he

Mus. Claps vp another betwixt the-- a ha mistris mistris but you say you overheard, and therefore if you know whether he is gone you may come two houres hence time enough to prevent the blow.

Mis. If thou lookest to have my daughter with, marke what I say

Mus. With fathers marke and mothers marke, and every mark about her

Mis. If you conceale any thing in this case, thou knowst no case of her, nay tho thy teeth water out the liquor of thy life, thou shouldst not get a bit, the worst bit of her.

Mus. Be more charitable

Mis. Or if thou chance to get her gainst my will ile teach her a tricke of the mother shall make thee curse her and all the brood she came one,

Mus. What is Charita to me, I know you heard him name her.

Mis. Charita.

Mus. I will discharge my conscience and yet if you overheard us without my telling, you know where hee appointed to meet her this evening at *Mantinea* at her fathers in *Ondemion* streete,

Mis *Ondemion* street?

Mus. I doe not betray him now if you provide so happily to take emat it mistris at it.

Mis. I at it, how I itch to be at it

Mus. Saddle your mare.

Mis. They shal not scape with halfe an eie betwixt them. *Exit.*

Enter Pamela and Mopsa.

Mus. I have given her the bells and she will flye to the devill — here comes the tother I ha given her phisicke already fit for her constitution and now it works.

Pam. How comes it *Mopsa* that you are so taken
So lifted up with high conceit?

Mop. Who I

Pam. Yes *Mopsa* you, dee thinke I cannot Iudge
By outward gestures and your lookes what joy
Doth inwardly possesse you

Mop. Who me

Pam. Yes you againe, and it were not over bouldnesse
To request some knowledge of the cause

Mop. Rest you content; you are a Princesse borne I might have beene so to, some body may be a Queene before you, make what you can of that

Pam. Oh fate how's this

Mop. There is a tree, and there is things worth wishing, and some may wish and wishes may be had make what you can of that too

Mus. To my wish it workes

Pam. But *Mopsa* may I not beseech a word
That may be to my understanding

Mop. You may know more hereafter, but till then I must presume upon your Princely patience to keepe your Chamber, it is now my raigne and doe not dare to follow

Pam. Not I, when you are drawne up to majesty
I can but wish you graciously would then
Remember the obedience of your handmaide
That first submits her selfe to your Command.

Mop. I faith I will *Pamela*, and reward it, goe in sweete Lady, on my Royall word I will, *Exit Pamela.*

Mus. She has spide me

Mop. Happy *Dorus*

Mis. What will my *Mopsa* say when she has climb'd

The tree of happines?

Mop. I I the tree, when I climbe that tree, *hony Dorus* tell me it over agen, my deere bird what did *Iupiter* to *Apollo*.

Muſ. Vpon ſome falling out I tould you *Iupiter* threw *Apollo* out of heaven and his deitie taken away he was faine to live upon the earth and keepe *Admetas* Cattell, in the time of his ſervice being ſent to fetch a breede of beaſts out of *Arcadia*, in this very deſart he grew fainte and wearie; and would needs reſt himſelfe in the boughes of an Aſhen tree.

Mop. The tree we wot of; on ſweete bird

Muſ. *Apollo* in that tree calling to minde his quarrell with *Iupiter* became very ſorrowfull, and pittifully complayning to his father, asking him mercie for having offended him was from that tree receiv'd into his golden ſpheare, and made a god agen

Mop. Oh brave

Muſ. Having the perfect nature of a god
Never to be ingratefull he then granted
A double life to *Admetas*, and becauſe
That tree was chappell of his happy prayers
To it he gave this quality

Mop. Now it comes

Muſ. That whoſoever ſat downe in that tree
In like eſtate and ſort as he did then

Mop. Oh now now now.

Muſ. Should forthwith have there their wiſh

Mop. Oh the tree, the tree, the tree

Muſ. The king vnderſtood thus much by Oracle; and tried himſelfe but being neither heardman as then *Apollo* was, nor of the race which is neceſſarie, delivered this ſecret to your father but made him ſweare to wiſh by his direction; for his owne benefit *Dametas* tould it me, and is now gon to furniſh himſelfe with a ſcarlet Cloake for in that he muſt be mufled juſt as *Apollo* was, I might now prevent 'em all and be king my ſelfe, but what have I to wiſh more then the love of *Mopſa* which ſince without more charming force you yeild me; Ile fit you with a cloake and then wiſh what you will your ſelfe

Mop. Ile be Queene or *Apollo* ſhall never looke me in the face agen, quickly ſweet *Dorus*, come muffle me I long to be Queene,

and

and my father ſhall aske me bleſſing. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Rebells and Thumbe

Cap. COme my maſters let us be reſolute, is there any man That will juſtifie himſelfe to be ſober amongſt us?

2. No hang ſobriety

Cap. We muſt be valiant, the King I ſay agen has left us, and ſince He ſcornes our company for my part I ſcorne to be his ſubject

3. I I ſcorne ſubjects, Ile be an Emperor

2. It is time to looke into the government, none but Gentlemen are of his Counſell, I ſee no reaſon ſince the Countrie is ours but we ſhould have a ſtroake in the ſtate.

Cap. That was bravely ſpoke my bully, ſtroke, he by *Mars* his Gauntlet ſpoke like a ſouldier, I doe not like the Carriage of the ſecret Counſells

3. Nor I nor any body

Thu. Take heede my Maſters

3. Lets heare *Thumbe* the Miller

Thu. We met togethet to drinke in honour of the Kings birthday and tho we have tickled the Cannikins, let vs be merrie and wiſe that's my opinion, no treaſon, the King is an honeſt Gentleman, and ſo is the Queene.

3. Very wiſely ſpoken.

Cap. But ſhall be govern'd by *Philonax*?

2. Who knowes but he has made away the King

Th. Made away the King, who honeſt *Baſilius*, aske the King who has made him away, by this hand if I thought they had made him away I would make ſome body away, tho I hang'd fort, but neighbors for my owne part I will joyne with you in any thing that is honorable, dee marke honorable; but I ſay ſtill I am cleare of opinion it is not a miſſe to be merry and wiſe Gentlemen, my name's *Thumbe*.

3. I, Tom

Th. And Ile be a your side howsoever

3. A great spirit

Cap. Shall I speake for you

Omnes. I I agreed you shall be Captaine

Cap. Why then let me alone; I will know a reason why hee has left the government without our consents to depose him, 'tis wisely spoken my brave men 'oth common-wealth, we will have other lawes and the old shall be executed

3. I I hang the old ones

2. 'Tis a discredit for any subjects as we are to have a King as if we were not able to governe our selves

Cap Stroake up thy forehead thou wert borne to be a statesman, Be rul'd by me and weel have no justice in *Arcadia*

2. How

Cap. No justice, why should we loose our liberties, and being free men, upon any occasion suffer our selues to be bound over

Th. Gentlemen Citizens it were very good you would take into your consideration the statute against drunkennesse

Cap. It shall be lawfull for any man to be drunke without forfeiting or paying any thing to the poore

Th. Very good, every man drinke away his estate, and then charity begins at home,

Cap. No man shall marrie

2. That's worse then the statute against two wives

Cap. For every woman shall be common

3. Every woman common, what shall we doe withall the proper women in *Arcadia*

Cap. They shall be common too

3. Oh rare, and what shall we doe withall the prisons

Cap. Set 'em a fire 'twill warme the Citie when there is cold doings

2. What with the prisoners

Cap. Put 'em in possession of their creditors lands, they are the only men fit for authority; for no men are us'd worst, and they will know the better to domineere, nay weel have admirable lawes, but who shall be this Embassador to the King

4. Me me choose me Captaine,

Th Chooſe you Captaine, Haberdaſher of ſmall wares, chooſe you a Capon, Ile be the Embaſſador, ever while you live let a bould man be embaſſador, and one that has a braine, I will not be meale mouth'd.

3. Well ſaid Miller

Cap. And becauſe we will be wiſe

Th. I I be merry and wiſe, ever while you live be ſober and diſcreete.

Cap. Say we attend heere to do our duties

3. Duties oh baſe

Cap Say ſo we muſt, heel not come forth elſe

4. What if I could his highnes there was a dance to be preſented we are furniſh'd with our noiſe ſtill

Th. I I, I doe love this noiſe withall my heart

2. Excellent, get you behind the trees with your inſtruments, and tune 'em ready, the new friske we danc'd at *Eniſpies* to day will ſerve rarely as the Prologue, away; but Captaine what ſhall we doe with the Kings daughters

Cap. Ile have one

3. And Ile ha the tother our Captaine ſhall ha the Queene

2. And what ſhall we have.

Cap. There are Ladies about the Court will content you

Thu. I will have both the Kings daughters, and he that ſpeakes againſt it— *They fight*

Cap. *Thumbe* valiant *Thumbe*, all ſpirit no mutinie no mutinie all of a faction together by the eares for a peece of veniſon

Th. I will have both the Kings daughters or elſe I ſhall not be ſatisfied.

Cap. Firſt let vs know the Kings reſolution, and if we like not our conditions, the hares a foote; and every man take what courſe he pleaſe in my Lords Parke

Enter Baſilius, Gynecia, Pyrocles, and Philoclea.

But ſtay the King vmh

2. Speake Captaine

Cap. If it pleaſe your Maieſty, what was it reſolu'd upon

3. Hees out, let me come to him, prithee doe thou tell him thy minde, that delicome wench has made my teeth water

2. And drown'd thy tongue, a Company of baſhfull ſhrimpes;

if I but open my mouth, I say no more

Th. King, by your leave; which is the King, my eyes twinckle, we have beene playing the good fellowes to celebrate your majesticall birth day, will your grace see a song

3. A dance

Th. Or a dance, alls one, our feete are in tune, strike up behinde the tree, you are the King and I am the Miller, ther's all the difference, sweete Ladies my name is *Thumbe*

Bas. This is rudenesse

Gy. Pardon their simplicity

Th. Ile have that wench she lookes like *Hercules*.

Omnes, Stand

Cap. We have interrogations points to put to you

Bas. Treason, treason.

Pyr. Barborous Villaines

Basilius runnes in, a bell rings, Philoclea, and Gynecia hide themselves, Pyrocles fights with them, Basilius comes in with a two handed sword, after some skirmish Enter Philonax and Calander with a guard the Rebells beaten off.

Pyr. Where is *Philoclea*

Phi. Heere art thou not hurt *Zelmane*.
My soule at every stroake made against thee
Was leaving my pale body

Py. Deere Madam are you safe

Bas. I thinke I ha pepper'd some of 'em, *Philonax* 'twas not amisse you came, but *Zelmane* and I should have made a shift

Pyr. You alone my Lord, were an army against such reeling vallors, I did not thinke you could ha bestir'd your selfe so well

Bas. And I were in an other place alone with thee I could bestir my selfe better

Cal. I would you would consider yet to quit
This dangerous kinde of life

Phi. Had not the valiant *Amazon* it seemes, defend'd your person
Ere the troopes ariv'd, it might have prov'd too fatall

Gy. He plaide the man indeede, the King is troubled
And thinks me Iealous of him, lasse old man

Bas. No more
Waite upon our Queene and daughter, weel follow *Exit.*
I am wounded
Pyr. How
Bas. By thee *Zelmane*
Pyr. I see your passions are the same and I
This might resolue to waite for you in the Cave
If you when your *Gynecia* is a bed
And fast a sleepe, (be sure of that) will please
To put your selfe to a short travell, I
Shall not expresse your welcome, but
Bas. Deere as my soule I apprehend my comfort
One kisse in earnest of the million
Thou shalt receive, but carrie it close *Zelmane* *Exeunt.*

Enter Musidorus, and Mopsa.

Mus. This is the Tree
Mop. Oh let me kisse it toes
Mus. Best loose no time
Mop. Haile upon haile sweete tree, Crowne thee and all thy wishes, Oh *Dorus* up womee *Dorus*, up womee, up womee, up womee *Dorus*, teach mee to clymbe the right way prithee
Mus. You must be muffled in the cloake, so now remember your instructions, make first your invocation to *Apollo* as I tould you, which being done, imploy your minde withall devotion to his deity, untill you heare a voyce call three times on you by your name, tho you should thinke your father mother *Pamela* or my selfe talke to you answer not they are spirits that would delude.
Mop. Vnder three *Mopsas* Ile not talke to 'em, Ile not be cozend
Mus. Hold there and youl' be happy
Mop. Ile aske a king to my husband, and thou shalt be he
Mus. Your invocation.

Mop. *Into the greate eares of Apollo*
Now let my invocation hollow
Oh thou that lightest all the day
For some to worke and some to play
By owle light now
Incline a gracious eare to me.

Thus

Thus, muffled in thy wishing tree
Singing whoope whoope whooe
And pardon this my subtility
That I deceive the passers by
I in this bough
Doe use the accentes of that fowle
Because I would be thought an Owle
With whoope whoope whooe

Enter Pamela.

Mus. She has done her invocation
Pam. Can she not heare us
Mus. She shall heare us, but I have taken order with her eyes and understanding too, sheel not beleeve us, thou lovely bird Madge howlet
Mop. That's a spirit in the voyce of *Dorus*, but Ile not answer.
Mus. See *Dorus* and *Pamela* both are heere
Whilst old *Dametas Miso*, and their deere
Daughter are stragled forth, they both together
Are taking now their flight, and who knowes whether
Pam. This is too plaine
Mop. Oh cunning Divells, but Ile not heare nor speake a sillable
Mus. If thou canst finde a tongue to tell *Dametas*,
Make knowne unto his wisdome he is gull'd
Take courage Madam the way lies faire before us
And a barque already prepard cries come a bour'd
Farewell Howlet *Exeunt Musidorus and Pamela*
Dametas sings within
Mop. Whoope whoope whooe — Hey I heare another singing spirit in my fathers voyce, bee't *Apollo* himselfe, under three *Mopsas* Ile not speake *Enter Dametas*
Dam. This is the tree, and heere the earth is broken
The certaine signe left by my trusty *Dorus*
The mouth of the rich treasure I salute thee
And kisse the hole from whence shall come my gold

Which being done blithly to worke I fall
My hand is in the moone-shine, and up goes all

Mop. Whoope whoope, whooe

Dam. What's that; an Owle, good Miſtris *Margerie* I am buſie

Art thou poore and wouldſt thou be
advanc'd by wealth to Dignity
doe not think it then vnmeete
to ſtoope with hands beneath thy feete
'Tis not with hand over head to be found
no no thou muſt ſtoope
though thou holdſt
up thy poope
and grable for't in ground

Ha what's this, my hand is in the Hony pot I thinke, vmh vmh I doe not like the ſoftnes, I did groape for harder ſtuffe, if this be gold 'tis liquid, and yet too thicke to be potable as they ſay, it has a kinde of weft me thinks if I have not loſt a ſence upon the ſudden, I ſmell, call you this gold finding

Mop. I have an extreame lift now ſo I have ſaving your preſence, divell would reſtore your ſence

Dam. What's this, a written parchment this may be the inventory of all the treaſure.

Who hath his hire hath well his labor plac'd
Earth thou didſt ſeeke, and ſtore of earth thou haſt

Howe's this

Mop. Whoope whoope whooe

Dam. As ſure as this is my owne noſe, I am ſtinkingly abuſ'd

Mop. Ha ha ha,

Dam. Can Madge Howlets laugh, that laugh was like my Daughter *Mopſa*

Mop. There's one time, againe againe ſweete *Apollo*

Dam. 'Tis her voyce what makes ſhe there, now the dread vengeance of my deere fatherly curſe, light over th'wart thee thou aukeward helding *Mopſa*

Mop. There's two times, *Mopſa* once more and 'tis *Apollo*

Dam.

Dam. Will you not answer in the Divells name *Mopsa* I say, oh are you come *he strickes she falls.*

Mop. Yes yes divine *Apollo*

Dam. Ile unhoode yee wheres *Pamela*

Mop. Thanke your Deitie

Dam. Speake now and tell me

Mop. Answer my wishes as thou art *Phebus*, as thou art *Apollo* tho in the likenesse of the Clowne my father, grant me my wishes first, I aske a King to be my husband.

Dam. What talkest thou of a King; the King will hang thy father if *Pamela* be gon

Mop. Let him be hang'd I care not, but let *Dorus* be a King, and let him be my husband good *Apollo*

Dam. Shee's starke staring mad, hast thou forgot thy father, where is thy wit

Mop. I doe not aske for wit, I tell thee, let me have a sufficient husband and let him be a King

Dam. Thou shal't have thy bellifull of husbands

Mop. Oh that, that, that *Enter Miso*

Miso. Ile at you both thou ribald villaine and thou harlot

Dam. *Miso* my spouse falne mad too;
Thou wot not beate thy mother

Miso. Oh me

Mop. I defie her and thee and thou beest not *Apollo*,

Dam. Oh who has gulled us all, deere *Miso*, tender *Mopsa* heare me, before I open my mouth, art not thou *Miso*, and thou my daughter *Mopsa*, oh we are all vndone we are all vndone

Mop. Are not you god *Apollo*

Dam. No as ever I hope to see him or any of his fellowes in the face againe, I am mortall *Dametas* and I thinke thy father, I am sure I am by thy mothers side, where is *Pamela* all this while, whoes at home.

Mop. As sure as you are my father and you my mother, theres No body at home

Dam. Shee's gon, shee's gon

Mop. *Dorus* and *Pamela*, or two feends with their voyces past by whilst

I was in *Apollos* tree

Miso. *Apollos* tree

Dam. Cast off your wonder I am not such an asse, but I perceive We are gull'd

Mop. So Divell *Dorus* tould me

Miso. Oh me they are gon, was this your care

Mop. Nay then where was your owne.

Dam. Fall not at odds bout that, but goe with me And helpe me to scape the gallow tree. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gynecia and Pyrocles, with a Taper.

Gy. Did I not counterfeit an infirmitie

Pyr. Rarely, how love will prompt his votarie The King suspects not what we purpose

Gy. Las poore man, how carefull he seem'd of my health And counceli'd me to bed

Pyr. I smil'd to see it

Gy. So soone as he is a sleepe expect me

Pyr. Stay, oth suddaine I ha thought upon a way Blessed blessed minute.

Gy. What's the device

Pyr. You shan'ot goe to bed

Gy. Not I

Pyr. God Genius I will not trust our worke to fortune if You should want cunning in your passions Or he should wake unhappily and finde You absent, all were lost, to prevent this You shall not come to me if there be danger 'Tis fit I be expos'd Ile take your place And disaray me for *Basilius* bed. De'e marke, muffled up for your suppos'd Distemper, let me alone to counterfeit Dulnes, and when his sences are chain'd up In sleepe, I will come downe toth cave to you But take my mantle if any of *Dametas* People meete you

Gy. I will visit but my Closet And follow thy instructions. *Exit.*

Pyr.

Py. If there be any starres are kinde to love
This night shoote forth your golden heads, be thou
Bright moone propitious, on all eyes that would
Betray our flight, cast out a sullen mist
And hide thy silver cressent in a cloud,
But to our passage be a gentle goddesse
And borrow of thy brother yet more light
The day may spare it, *Musidorus* is *Enter Gynecia with a golden Violl.*
Embark'd already with his Mistris.
If I obtaine *Philocleas* consent
Gy. *Zelmane* now I am prepar'd
Pyr. Haste to the Cave, expect,
Your servants visit *Exit.*
Gy. And my happines
Py. How rudely vice becomes us, heere's a Lady
Whom never fame yet blemish'd, now the example
Of *Cupids* tyranie, love transformes us all
And fooles our understandings, I pittie her,
Now are *Basilius* thoughts in motion
And hurry him to the same licentiousnes.
There is warme snow I see, he delaies time.
In hope to finde his Queene a sleepe, whose place
I must assume for once, love dwells upon
A cliffe and all the waies to our enjoying
Are difficult and ragged,
But I forget *Basilius*, I must
Compose me for his bed, I shannot be
Much troubled, good old King he wishes me *Lutes Recorders*
Good rest I know, and secure dreames, oh see *Exit.*
Philoclea what waies I come to thee
Enter Basilius.
Bas. These sounds may charme her into slumbers sweetly
Oh steale into her, hang upon her heart,
Come fixe your gentle raptures in her soule
That it may take delight to be o're come
And never wake the body, till *Basilius*
Returne with happy Conquest from *Zelmane*
Or if there be a leaden god of sleepe,

Heere let him shake his wings and then dispatch
A Herrauld to the silent house of dreames
To bring one hither happier then the rest *Enter Philoclea*
To entertaine my melancholly Queene; oh *Philoclea*
Thy mother will excuse thee this nights dutie
Doe not disturbe her, yet your voyce and Lute
'Ith next Chamber may procure her sleepe
That done without more ceremony goe *Exit Philoclea*
To bed, so so my bloud begins to move
Shee's fast, I heare her, and the musique ceast, *Agen loude*
Now to *Zelmane*. *Exit.*

Enter Philoclea.

Phi. I'me troubled, and dare not goe to bed
There's some thing whispers to my soule this will
Will be a fatall night, my mother is not well
I must needs see her — ha, the gods protect me *Enter Pyrocles*
Pyr. If there were any treason meant against
Philoclea her prayers were vainely offerd,
Since h r owne innocence is protection
As powerfull as the Gods, I bring no horror
To fright your blood; dee not know me Lady
I was *Zelmane*,
Phi. Was.
Pyr. I have been
So watched by your Ielous mother
Phi. Ha.
Pyr. But I forget
Phi. What meane you?
Pyr. To make fast the doores
If I could barre all the aire out saving what
Your breath should draw, for should I live by that
You would not chide my care
Phi. You make me tremble.
Pyr. If you cannot forgive me punish pray
This rudenes with my death; I prostrate to
Your feete my sword, and call you to my brest
To meete your anger, at this distance beg
I may behould you, but when you shall finde

In the diſſection of my heart, whoſe name
Hath fill'd it, and with what religion there
My thoughts adore your memory, too late
It may invite your teares, can faire *Philoclea*
Thinke I have a ſoule that dare be wicked to her?
Such lookes would charme a raviſher, and throw
Ice through a Satires blood, but a man chaſte
Already it drawes up to the ſimplicitie
And nature of an Angell, oh *Philoclea*
I am ſo farre from being ill my ſelfe
In ſuch a ſenſuall way, that although time
And this faire opportunity might tempt
And excuſe wanton heate, I ſhould repent
Forget to love your ſelfe, if you but with
One thought ſo treacherous to your virgin honor
Should give conſent to enioy you, it hath ſnow
Vpon my blood *Philoclea*, whoſe flowings
Are Chaſt as Chriſtall: dare you truſt me yet
To kiſſe your hand, my lips ſhall gently touch it
Nor will I leave a breath to ſtaine the whiteneſſe
Pray be not fearefull.

Phi. Sin did never yet
Prophane that voyce.

Pyr. When it ſounds luſtfully
Your hate, a puniſhment next the wrath of heaven
Strike my heart dead—be pleaſ'd to reſt a little
And if you dare vouch ſafe me to ſit ſo neere you,
I have much to tell you

Phi. I know not what to ſay, where is my father
I had a mother too, this Chamber they
Vſ'd to call their's

Pyr. They are ſafe *Philoclea*.
Let not your cheeke looke pale, their abſence wrought
For ſuch a minute doth encourage me
To tell you now or never you muſt ſhew
There dwells a pittie in you, oh looke ſmooth
On him whoſe life and fortunes you may now
Advance or ruine ever, if you can

Remember who I am, and what your vertue
Hath made me ſuffer, thinke me worthy of
A life, let it begin from your conſent
To love poore *Pyrocles*, 'tis in your power
To be no more a priſoner to this rude
And ſolitarie dwelling, ſuch a brightnes
Is loſt in caves, extend your arme and reach
A throane where ſeated with becomming greatnes
You may diſperſe with moving of your eye
An influence beyond the ſtarrs, and quicken
A world that waites to be your creature.

Phi. Pyrocles

For ſo you call your ſelfe, and ſuch I dare
Beleeve you are, for falſehood cannot dwell
A neighbor to that tongue although I might
Demand with reaſon, and my dutie firſt
What does concerne my parents, ſuch a truth
Shines in your language, and ſuch Innocence
In what you call affection, I muſt
Declare you have not plac'd one good thought heere
Which is not anſwerd with my heart, the fire
Which ſparkled in your boſome long ſince leap'd
Into my breſt and there burnes modeſtly
It would have ſpread into a greater flame
But ſtill I curb'd it with my teares, oh *Pyrocles*
I would thou wert *Zelmane* agen, and yet
I muſt confeſſe I lov'd thee then, I know not
With what propheticke ſoule but I did wiſh
Often, thou were no man, or I no woman

Pyr. Thou wert the comfort of my ſleepes.

Phi. And you
The object of my watches, when the night
Wanted a ſpell to caſt me into ſlumber
Yet when the weight of my owne thoughts grew heavie
For my teare dropping eyes, and drew theſe Curtaines
My dreames wert ſtill of thee, forgive my bluſhes.
And the imagination thou wert then.
My harmeleſſe bedfellow.

Pyr. I arive too soone
At my desires, gently oh gently drop
These joyes into me, least at once let fall
I sinke beneath the tempest of my blessings
And you swell my heart too fast
Phi. If you be *Pyrocles*
You will rest satisfied with this confession
You onely shall obtaine my love
Pyr. Although my soule acknowledge this a blessing
Such as no service can reward enough
There remaines something, something which your honor
May easily consent to in this absence
Of both your parents whom with severall promises
Of my returne, I have already sent
To 'th Cave where they in vaine this night expect me
We must forsake this place, I have provided
For our conueiance to my fathers kingdome
If after all these arguments of love
You dare trust *Pyrocles* to convey you thether,
Phi, I dare give thee my life, but pardom me
This is not safe, thus seeking to assure.
You may vntimely happen loose *Philoclea*
My dutie binds me not to rob my parents,
Such a departure may undoe their comforts
As y'are a prince perswade me not commit
So unnaturall a trespasse, weel expect
And satisfie our young desires till time
Mature our joy, I could content my selfe
To looke on *Pyrocles* and thinke it happines
Enough, or if my soule affect variety
Of pleasure every accent of thy voyce
Shall Court me with new rapture, and if these
Delights be narrow for us there is left
A modest kisse, whose every touch conveies
Our melting soules into each others lipes,
Why should not you be pleas'd to looke on me
To heare and sometimes kisse *Philoclea*

Indeed you make me blush
Pyr. What an Ecclips
Hath that vaile made, it was not night till now
Looke if the ſtarres have not withdrawne themſelves
As they had waited on her richer brightnes,
And miſſing of her eyes are ſtolen to bed,
What world of beauty is behinde that cloud
But keepe it ſtill conceal'd, and let the creatures
When they ſhall miſſe day (for the ſame without
Thine eyes will glimmer like a petty taper)
Feare to be loſt in darkenes, and expect
No light to follow, but from thoſe wide flames
Which heaven hath threaten'd to deſtroy the world,
When thou haſt frighted us renew againe
Our ſtate and cure againe the fainting vniverſe
One looke reſtores all—ha, *Philoclea.*
Phi. There's ſomething that ſits heavy on my forehead
I know you cannot but be noble, pray
A little ſleepe, if I exceede three minutes
Prithee wake me
Pyr. Ha, I doe not like
Her ſences ſhould be ſnatchd away ſo ſtrangely
'Tis an ill omen, I ſhould treſpaſſe much
Gainſt manners, to diſturbe her, beſide ſhe
Did make it her requeſt whoſe will is ſacred,
Then gently may ſhe ſleepe, and yet if ſhe
Draw out this ſlumber to any length my hopes
Are blaſted, if I looſe this opportunitie
Of flight, no hope hereafter can releeve us,
We are both undone, ſhe ſleepes ſtill, I was not
Quicke enough to perſwade her reſolution
So neceſſarie, yet looke up *Philoclea,*
No, then enjoy thy dreame, and let us try
The kindnes of our fate, pitty a harſh
Sound ſhould diſturbe thy ſoft repoſe, I would
But dare not ſteale a kiſſe for feare to wake her,
And yet my loude voyce may be more offenſive
Our ſoules are knit I ſee into one love

Then

Then 'tis but reason they should exercise
Both the same act, why doe not I sleepe too
The mist is falne already, if I but dreame of her
My slumbers shall be happy *he sleepes*

Enter Damætas as from a Vault.

Dam. There be more wayes to the woode then one, she may be in her sisters Chamber, I may thanke my acquaintance with the Buttery and a trap doore for this passage; shee has shut me out of doores of all: vmh a sword I had rather it were *Pamela* naked, I durst undertake to handle her with lesse feare; vmh *Philoclea*, 'tis she and this is—no—this is not *Pamela*, she was a woman, unlesse she be crept into breeches since I left her, no 'tis a man, heere is no tarrying for me; and he were not soundly a sleepe, my smell were enough to wake him; —treason treason *Exit.*

Py. Ha, what voyce is that, who cryes out treason?

Phi. Pyrocles what's the matter?

Pyr. Nothing

Within. Treason, treason.

Pyr. Harke, ist not treason, my sword, my sword
Is gon, we are betray'd, some theefe has been
Within the Chamber, yet the doores are safe, ha
Lets see, search every where, alas *Philoclea*
If I now I must be ravisht from thee, how
Can there be charity enough on earth
To pitty me, they die but once who still
Dispaire of blisse; but the Fates twise destroy
A lover whom they kill so neere his joy. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Rebells.

Cap. COme my bloods since there is no hope of our pardons let us be honest out-lawes one to another, and doe all the mischeife we can, we are Masters of the Woods, and we will domineere like Lords of the soyle; I say we will live, we will eate and we will drinke.

3. Would

3. Would I were at my forge againe

Cap. *Arcadia* shall be thy Anvile smith; and thou maist live to beate
Great men to dust

2. Some of them are so rotten they will save us a labor

Cap. Be resolute and strike the iron while it is hot, where is the little miller

3. *Thumbe* the miller is cut off

Cap. Who can helpe it, be not creſt falen, but shew your selues Cockes of the game, weel make the state send for us home, and agree to our own conditions, let vs therefore play the theeves manfully

3. And so be hang'd honorably

Cap. Hang hang ng, we defie the lawes and we will execute when we list in our owne quarters we will rob man woman and child

2. Do you fight with the men, and let me alone with the women.

1. And *Thumbe* had he beene alive he had been a fit match for the children

Enter 4. *Rebell.*

4. A prise a prise Captaine, I see a Gentleman and a Lady strike into a grove hard by, their horses are for their better behavior, already bound to a tree, follow me and Ile conduct

Cap. Without noyse or tumult lets steale upon them

Enter Musidorus and Pamela.

Pam. This grove is all one bower, nature her selfe
Must be delighted to dwell heere, the Sunne
Can shoote no beame upon us through this Arber
Tho he does rage abroad

Mus. The heate betrayes
The Sunne is angry Madam to see you
Whose brightnes takes all wonder from his shine
And leave him a pale starr.

Pam. You complement.

Mus. Are you not weary Madam

Pam. I shall never
In thy societie, yet we may rest
A little in this shade, oh *Musidorus*
He should be enemy to vertue now

To cherrish one suspectfull thought of thee
Some wild licencious Prince had now undone me
And careleſſe of his owne ruin'd my honor.
Muſ. It were not ſimple theft but Sacriledge
To rob you of one peacefull thought, if any
Service already have obtaind ſo much
Truſt I am ſo familliar with mine owne
Deſires, that hereafter Ile deſerve to keepe
Your faire opinion of me, luſt could never
Intrude himſelfe a gueſt heere, I ſhould not
Love mine owne eyes, had they been but tempted
To ſee an unchaſt picture with delight
Pam. What's that behinde the trees?
Muſ. Nothing, the birds are dancing on the leaves
Call'd heither by the muſique of your tongue
Thoſe that are ſilent doe but liſten to
Your voyce to mend their ſinging
Pam. Still methinkes I heare annother noyſe
Muſ. It is your feare
Pam. There's ſome thing whiſpers
Muſ. Shall I tell *Pamela*
Pam. Pray if you can
Muſ. It is the winde that would
Steale through the boughes to give you more refreſhing
Whom the trees envie, I doe heare it murmer
To be kept from your lips which it would kiſſe
And mixing with your breath catch odors thence
Enough to ſweeten all the wood, there can
No other danger enter heere *The Rebells ceaſe upon Pamela*
Pam. We are betray'd helpe
Muſ. Ha, villaines, y'ad better lay violent hands
Vpon your mothers
Cap. Let your courage coole, and heare us you were beſt
If you doe love this Gentlewomans life.
Put up your toole, dee ſee this bodkin ſir
With it, Ile punch her heart, if you but offer
A blow at any of my traine, Ile doo't
As I am true Rebell and for the more ſecurity

Deliver up your whinyard to our uſe?
Or Ile make an oylet-hole preſently
Pam. Doe not reſigne your ſword but uſe it.
Muſ. Hold heare me
Pam. Let us both die with honor, doe not give
Your ſtrength and truſt t'the mercy of thoſe ſlaves
Inhumane villanes to us
Muſ. But thy life,—as you are men but heare me
Cap. Drop your ſteele quickly, or
Muſ. Alas ſhe is my wife
2. Your wife, if you love her be not troubleſome I tell you againe
Pam. Pamela bids thee fight, feare not for me
If I die I ſhall not be diſhonord
And thou ſhalt take a brave revenge on them,
Pitty not me to looſe us both, weel meete
Again in death and love eternally
Muſ. My ſoule's devided, ſhall I venture her?
Cap. Ile ſtay no longer
Muſ. Hold and take my ſword
But ſweare by ſome religion you will uſe
No violence to her
3. We ſweare
Cap. So firſt and formoſt throw his ſword out of the way, we have no vſe on't, ſecondly bind him to a tree
Muſ. Set her at liberty
And uſe what cruelty you pleaſe on me
Kill me, and Ile forgive you.
3. Forgiv'e us, heaven forgive thee, ſay thy prayers
Muſ. I ſee there's pittie in you, if your wants
Councell you to this ſinfull trade, we both
Will freely give our wealth, we have ſome Iewells
Of valew to redeeme you all, and make
You rich if you dare firſt be ſo in goodnes
And exerciſe no tyrany upon
Our bodies, what a miſery it is
Such ſpirits as you are ſhould not have fortunes
High as your thoughts, when every dunghill fellow

Surfets

Surfets with honors and eſtates, and vomits
In Taverns what would keepe your families,
But 'tis the times diſeaſe, when merrit thus
Diſgrac'd and unrewarded by the ſtate
Makes ſubjects deſperate

3. He ſays true

Muſ. I prithee take my cloathes, would they were rich
And worth your pillage, any will ſerve me

3. Alas good Gentleman, lets e'en ſtrip him

Cap. None dare to take a skirt

Muſ. Perhaps for ſome offences you are baniſh'd
Your houſes and eſtates

2. For nothing but being drunke

3. And offring to kill the King

4. He will not live amongſt us as a good King ought.

Muſ. Alas good men, I doe preſume you would not have kill'd the King in any malice to him

3. I love the King with all my heart, and a pox take him that does not, would he would but pardon us

1. There's no hope now, we have ſubmitted our ſelves too often

Muſ. Yet let him heare well of you, and tho
Neceſſitie compell you to be theeves,
Be honeſt theeves and raviſh no body.
And this report ariving at his eares
It inclines him to have pittie on you
And call you to his favour

Cap. Vnhand the Gentlewoman, he that offers her
But a wry looke had better eate my ſword

3. Or my ſcabbard tho it have been piſt in

2. Faith Captaine he hath given us good councell let us deale
Honeſtly, if we take away but all they have they will
Have more cauſe to ſpeake well of us

Cap. Vnbinde the malefactor

3. Shall I give him his ſword?

Cap. His ſword thou ignorant theefe no ſo he may chance to aske us againe for his Iewels; take thy *Penelope* ſweete tong'd *Vliſſes*; and on the next back ſmother her in kiſſes—farwell

Muſ. Oh, my *Pamela.*

3. Captaine captaine comebacke he calls her *Pamela* that should be the Kings daughter.

Cap. How, vmh; now I looke better on her I have seene that face in a maske before now

Mus. We are lost agen

Pam. I am the same *Pamela*

2. What ha we done, here are all your Iewells not a stone deminish'd

3. If there be let me be gelded

Pam. I easily forgive all and will be
So far from a complaint that Ile pleade for
Your pardons to my father, and he sha not
Be able to denie me

Omnes A pardon, a pardon, if it please your highnes weel goe backe with you

Pam. Not with me

Cap. As we are true men and theeves Madam

Pam. We are undone agen

Mus. At our returne Ile ioyne with her

3. Returne, why whether are you going so farre from the lodge this is the way to the sea

Cap. Vmh, I gueſt treason, are not you an't shall please your Ladyship running away with this Gentleman

2. He said she was his wife

3. I doe not like him

Cap. Lay hands on him agen, well thought upon you shall Iustifie your selves before the King

Mus. Dare you goe to the King without a pardon

2. 'Tis the only way to procure one

Mus. Rather goe with us, and, as I am—

3. What are you

Mus. I am—I know not

Cap. Weel teach you to know your selfe; away with'em we are all made

Mus. Villaines and Rebells. *Exeunt*

Enter Basilius, and Gynecia.

Bas. *Zelmane* has abus'd me

Gy. Chide not her
'Twas mine owne plot to trie your constancie. Death

Death ceaſe upon *Zelmane* for his comming
But I will be reveng'd, when did I fall
From my high birth; in what laſcivious action
Loſt I my fame, that this *Baſilius*
ſhould wrong his owne *Gynecia*
Baſ. I am aſham'd, I prithee chide no more.
She gave me ſure ſome philter to betray
My bloud to this diſhonor.
Gy. Tho your luſt
Miſt the enjoying him for whom your heart
Grew wanton, yet the ſin cannot be purg'd
They are adulterate ſheetes, and thoſe embraces
Which lock'd mine armes thy guilt, not one warme kiſſe
But was intended for *Zelmanes* lips
Oh my fate
Baſ. Prithee forgive
Gy. The ſilence which I vſ'd
I wiſh'd might ſave my modeſty a language
To accuſe you now; indeede you have done ill
Touſe me thus
Baſ. My love to thee hereafter
Shall redeeme all, wound me no more I prithee
Gy. If vice have ſo poſſeſt you that my bed
Is now growne hatefull, make me not the ſcorne
Of all your kingdome, ſend me home agen
To *Argos* to weare out my life in weeping
My Lord has quite forſaken me
Baſ. Not for
The crownes of Greece, and all the world deere deereſt
Gynecia pardon thou haſt ſau'd mine honor
Deſtroy me not agen, on what a rocke
(Had not thy goodnes reſcued me) had I
Been ever ſhipwrack'd, take me to thy love,
A ſad man for my fault, never, oh never
Shall ſuch unworthy thoughts corrupt my heart
To leave a chaſte wife
Gy. I doe freely pardon this error
Baſ. Then I am ſtraite agen

Gy. But *Zelmane* shall accompt
Deerely for this unlesse he satisfie
My furious bloud, new welcome to my bosome
Bas. A cup of wine would crowne our reconcilement
As I remember in the cave I saw
A golden bottle *Exit.*
Gy. Your Majestie may taste on't, but I meant it
A draught for false *Zelmane*, it being virtuall
To increase affection, to me a guift
My mothers love bestow'd when I was married
To *Basilius* if ever he grew cold *Enter Basilus*
To quicken his desires, I never yet
Made tryall
Bas. It is the gods
Nepenthe, or a drinke more precious
I prithee giv't a name, and if my kingdome
Afford th' ingredients let me tast it often;
Ha *Gynecia* where am I?
Gy. Here my Lord
Bas. I thinke I am deceiv'd, my tongue oth sudden
drawes backeward; and my limbes grow very feeble
Ha, oh-farwell. *Falls*
Gy. My Lord, my Lord, *Basilius*, oh hee's deade
If he be poyson'd I have made faire worke
Deere husband, then for ever mourne *Gynecia*
The gods have punish'd thy lascivious heate
With hastie justice, hath my care so long
Almost religiously preserv'd this drinke
To kill thus in a minute; oh my soule
Doth feele a scorpion, and my lust appeares *Enter Dametas*
Circled with thousand furies *and a Shepheard*
Shep. Treason treason
Dam. Doe set out your throate here; and let me alone to rore treason in the eares of my Lord *Philonax*--I should ha' beene the towne cryer
Shep. Make hast.
Dam. Oh yes treason,
Gy. When you have spent your voyces, let your eyes

Speake

Speake a more killing language

Dam. Ha, the Queene, Madam *Pamela*, is gon

Gy. No matter for *Pamela*, looke here shepheards
Here lies the King

Dam. No matter for *Pamela*? I am glad of that
Is his majestie a sleepe

Gy. Never to awake, hee's deade poyson'd by this violl

Dam. Oh base violl, why here is more treason then we look'd for, this is admirable, did he dye against his will, or was he kill'd a naturall death let vs sit upon him

Gy. For beare, I can direct you to the murderer
Looke heere you shepheards, it was I that kill'd him

Dam. You, your Majestie is very merry

Gy. Will you not trust me

Dam. Yes for more then I am worth, but if you kill'd him your selfe, your majesty must pardon me for that, I have nothing to say to you but, treason treason; *Exit.*

Gy. Yet flie *Gynecia* and save thy life,
Betray not thine owne, life; why doe I talke
Of safety, can there be in all the world
A consort, when my honor and *Basilius*
Have both forsaken me

Enter Philonax and Dametas with a guard.

Philon. *Pamela* gon, how does the King take it

Dam. The King, would he could take it any way, good gentleman hee's in a pittifull taking himselfe

Philon. What sales the screech-oule

Dam. The truth is, he is sent of an errand to *Erebus* hee's dead, and for my Lady *Philoclea*, whom I suspect

Philon. Ha

Dam. And you make hast you may take her napping, there is a thing in the likenes of a man with her, whom very valiantly I dis-arm'd, and brought away his naked weapon

Philon. What traytor? didst disarme him?

Dam. Did I and there had been twentie of 'em I would not have car'd a rush though they had been as valiant as *Hector*, had I not treason a' my side so soone as I came in

Philon. Thou dost amaze me what said he?

Dam.

Dam. Never a word, my friend quoth I to his ſword
Philon. Ideot didſt ſpeake to his ſword?
Dam. Why he was faſt a ſleepe my Lord,
And never ſomuch as dreamt of me
Philon. A ſleepe, we looſe time goe you along with *Dametas*,
ſeize upon that Traytor, oh I am rent with ſorrow
Dam. Come my Maſters be not afraid as long as I have a ſword
You ſhall goe before, and follow my example ther's the
King my Lord *Exeunt Dametas and guard.*
Philon. Madam
Gy. Oh *Philonax*
Philon. Be comforted
Gy. You ſhannot neede to mocke me, when you know
By whom he dye'd thou wilt call in thy charity
And curſe me, it was I that poyſoned him,
Philon. Good Madam ſpeake that I may underſtand,
You poyſoned him? he was *Baſilius*
Your husband and your King, it cannot be
You are the Queene his wife
Gy. His murderer
The horror of my ſinne dwells round about me
I neede no more accuſers then my Conſcience.
Doe with me what you pleaſe, the wicked reaſons
That mov'd me to it you ſhall know hereafter
Philon. Bleſſe me eternitie, He not beleeve
That any woman after this can love
Her husband, oh my Lord, mercileſſe woman
For heere all other titles loſt away
With her, ſee her lodg'd within the Caſtle.
Enter Dametas and a guard with Philoclea and Pyrocles at one doare, at the other Enter the Rebells with Muſidorus and Pamela.
Dam. Heere they are my Lord
Cap. Where is the King?
Philon. New uprores,
Dam. My charge, 'tis *Pamela*, my Lord *Philonax* 'tis *Pamela*
Philon. *Pamela* and *Philoclea*
Cap. Yes my Lord we ſuſpected they were running away
together

together and therefore in hope of his maiesties pardon

Py. *Musidorus* and thy sister under guard?

Mus. *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea* prisoners too?

Philon. Looke heere unnaturall children, for I cannot pronounce you Innocent, this circumstance betrayes your guilt, see where your king and father lyes a cold patterne for a tombe *Pam.* Dead?

Phi. Oh we are miserable

Pyr. *Basilus* dead? *Mus.* Slaine

Philon. He was murder'd, and you are accessaries Sure I have seene your face; were not you call'd *Zelmane* the *Amazon*? *Pyr.* I was.

Philon. Disguises, injurious villaine Prophaner of all hospitable lawes.

Pyr. I am not loose to answer thee

Dam. And this was my man *Dorus* my Lord, a ha have I found you sirra, you sent me abroad to be a gold-finder.

Philon. You have done service worthy all your pardons. Now in my rage I could prevent the Law And sacrifice their treachrous bloods my selfe To this reverend hearse.

Mus. You are transported *Philonax* But that I have compassion for the death Of that good King I could laugh at thee.

Philon. Hence, load them with Irons, Ladies you must both Be patient to be confinde untill You cleere your selves.

Pam. What sawcie fellowes that? Meant you me *Philonax*, vnhand those prisoners

Philon. Away with 'em I command

Pam. Yet stay and heare me As you did love *Basilus* heare his daughter, This insolence doth interupt the teares Due to my deere dead father, and inforces Me, since he thus forgets, to declare to you With confidence who I am, I am *Pamela* The eldest daughter of *Basilus* Your Queene if I mistake not, since my father

Is dead, to whose memorie these pious dropps
Fall as the tribute of my griefe, who then
Shall be obay'd, he that was trusted with
My fathers power, which in his death is cancell'd
Or I your naturall princesse?

Dam. Vmh, my charge speakes to the purpose.

Pam. Have you found so much sweetenesse in the raigne
You borrowed of my father, that you would
Vsurpe now he is dead? I have not signed
Any commission for your office, how
Dare you then in my presence command any
To prison, nay like a bould insolent traitor
Talke of confining me? we are mercifull
To let you keepe your proud heade on.

Reb. What will become of us?

Dam. You shall have cleane halters.

Pam. But in the justice to my royall father,
Snatch'd hence untimely from us, since you attempt
To charge them with his death, we give you space
To live and to accuse them, they shall be
Our prisoners, ith meane time t' will become
Your person to goe home and study how
To play the Advocate when you are call'd
By us, and the grave lawes, you are dismis'd.

Philon. I am astonish'd, doe you not wonder with me
To heare the daughter of our late good King
Lost to her filiall pietie, this comes.
To neere apracide *Pamela*. Countrie-men
It is apparent they have all conspird
The death of the old king, methinks I heare
His groanes confirme it, if you suffer such
A treason passe *Arcadia* will become
The scorne of all the world, nor ever shall
Any good prince; trust his life amongest you.
For my Ambition, all the angells know
How tedious the houres have beene, since I
Was forc'd to take this kingdomes weight upon me,
But let not ceremony to the daughter

Whose title I dispute not, shame our duties
To him that was her father and our Master.
Poyson'd, yes poyson'd by those men that have
No names, and will betray in our remisnes
The honor of these Ladies and our countrie
As they have done his pretious life already,
As you are good men let them be arraign'd
If they be innocent their goodnes will
Protect them, but if guilty let them dye
Like slaves unpittied.

Reb. A *Philonax*, a *Philonax*

Pam. Dare ye all be traytors then?

Philon. This your great love reviues me, then convey
All to the Castle, but command these two
As traytors to be made safe, the ladies shall
Be vnder mild restraint.

Pyr. Villaines

Mus. Your lives shall deerely answer this.
We must obay the tyrant, were our hands
At liberty, and arm'd with our good swords
We should not off so tamely. *Exit.*

Dam. Come away traytors. *Philon.* Well remember'd you,
Are not to be discharg'd, lodge him safe too.

Dam. Who I, he does not meane me, my Lord these fellowes.

Phi. Take him a way, a traytor with the rest, *Enter Messenger.*

Dam. Away away

Reb. So you must sir

Dam. Would I might never see my wife and children in my right wits, if I be a traytor that's enough my Lord, the'il carry me away too.

Reb. De'e remember a cleane halter? come on sir. *Exit*

Phi. King *Evarchus* saist? *Mess.* He has but a small traine my lord.

Phi. Alas he comes to late to visit, but
Most seasonable to be a judge in this
Great cause, take gently up that royall body
Whose soules a starre already, all that we
Can pay is justice to his memorie. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Smipathus, Pamela, Philoclea.

Pam. GOod Master jaylor you might be so curteous in your office to let vs see these Gentlemen,

Sim. Madam I dare not,

Pam. 'Tis well you dare obay King *Philonax* and be a rebell to me, the time may come you will repent.

Sim. Confident that you will keepe your princely words not to interupt or change any discourse with 'em, I have brought you where you may tho at some distance heare 'em, they are preparing for musique, 'tis all I dare consent to, neither durst I tell them you should be with in reach of their voyces

Pam. Well sir we are content *Song*

Phi. Weel speake with 'em but in your hearing,

Pam. Doe not intreate him sister, pray have a speciall remembrance to let 'em want aire and necessaries, youl' forfeit your place if you make conscience to be over honest to 'em.

Sim. I am sorrie Madam you accuse my nature
Which never yet was observ'd cruell, I
Would be as just to your commands. *Pam.* So it seemes

Sim. Were these misfortunes over

Pam. Good sir no tedious excuses nor Apollogy but proceede you and your great Master *Philonax*, and he will make you his treasurer, or trust you with his great seale, you cannot choose but be an excellent keeper. *Phi.* What will become of us?

Pam. Nay what will become at'h Princes, there's my feare, would they were free againe, and had but their good swords to second their innocence, I am mad to thinke what a condition we are falne to, prithee *Philoclea* shed some teares for me, if I weepe now it must be for anger that we cannot helpe 'em, but let the gray-beards looke too't, for if they suffer, unlesse they send me of an errand after them, not a head that nodded to their sentence, shall know where to finde Shoulders to support 'em

Phi. Las sister I want drops for my owne greefe
My fathers death, *Pam.* My father, that that hath open'd
The spring agen

Phi. And although guilty of his bloud, for so

They

They say our mother hath confest her selfe
I must in dutie weepe for her. *Pam.* My mother
That word strikes double sorrow, and doth call
A floud to drown my eyes, shall we not see her?
Phi. She could not kill him sure, did ever greefe
So soone make such a paire of Orphants, our
Fortunes are so strange and thicke, posterity
Will thinke our storie fiction, and yet
It seemes th'are not so great to breake our hearts
A'th suddaine, I would willingly dye too
But I remember *Pyrocles*
Pam. And I my deere lov'd *Musidorus*, at which name
My teares dry up, and blacke revenge prepares
Thy throne within my bloud, but *Simpathus* *Sim.* Madam
Pam. Are not the Princes sent for yet? *Sim.* Not yet
Pam. I prithee tell me how they looke; what say they to thee?
Phi. Doe they name us?
Sim. It hath been all their question, how both their
Princely mistrisses doe fare, for so
They call you Ladyes, when I answer well
Their joy shootes up in prayers that you may still
Continue safe.
Phi. Doe they not raile sometimes and curse?
Sim. I never heard 'em
Pam. Canst thou be such a foole then to beleeve
They are murderers? *Sim.* I doe not beleeve they are
Pam. Doe not if thou darst be a Knave, and try if the Divell will
beare you out in't, we must not see 'em
Sim. Alas Madam *Pam.* Nor speake to our mother,
Sim. I am commanded
Pam. Thou shat not deny us a little discourse with *Dametas* my
old governor since we have no other company.
Sim. You shall
Phi. His presence could be never more unwelcome
Beside his follies will but ill agree
With our affliction *Pam.* They cannot hurt
Vs sister I have a breast as deepely charg'd
As thine although I flatter it, 'tis no sinne
To enable vs for bearing — how de'e Governor? *Enter Dametas.*

Dam.

Dam. How dee Madam, seen as you see, as ill as this iron age can make a man *Pam.* What will they doe with thee?

Dam. They cannot use me worse then they have; for I am hang'd in chaines already, I have had three whippings into the bargaine to, if they hold such a hand over me long, I shall never be able ro sleepe in a whole skin.

Pam. Had you any hand in my fathers death?

Dam. Hand, I was so farre from having any hand, that I had not so much as a finger in't, no your mother poisond him with a base violl. *Phi.* Oh misery!

Dam. But Madam, I did not thinke you had been so dishoneſt, and you had meant to runne away with any body I thought you would have told me so, but I see a woman and a wet eele have both slipperie tailes. *Pam.* You ran away from me.

Dam. Who I runne? I was never so good a foote man in my life, alas I was tould by that rascall *Dorus* where a great deale of gold was buried, and I went simply with a resolution after I came home to build halfe a dozen Churches, but now I heare say there is a Gallowes built to my hands, and I must hang ding dong like a bell in the wodden steeple.

Pam. Speake well of *Dorus* sirra, you had more neede to pray for him.

Dam. Heaven convert him then, and tho he live! when I am dead he may be rotten as soone as I

Phi. Who sent you sirra to my Chamber?

Dam. Sent me, the Divell; and I ha thriv'd accordingly, would my wife had broke her necke when I tooke you together.

Pam. Your wife.

Dam. Or my daughter, or you or any body to save the looſe of my owne sweete Madam speake a good word for me, and Ile—Ipeake annother for you, my evidence will be heard, and I care Not what I sweare; 'tis not for the King hee's dead, I looke Every minute for a voyce to call me to the Sessions.

Within. Dametas

Dam. Hey there 'tis already, as ever you hope to be married while your maiden heads are sweete; save me from the Gallowes, for if I be once hang'd I shall never be my owne man agen. *Exit.*

Phi. They are very hasty to arraigne em, *Pyrocles*

There's

There's nothing left me now but prayers for thee
With which Ile wearie heaven or tire my selfe
For thy successe. *Recorders.*
Pam. I wo ld doe so but I *Flourish.*
Feare my revenge will kill my charity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Evarchus, Philonax and Simpathus, The Bere.

Euax. My Lord your sorrow and not my ambition
Hath made me Iudge to day, therefore attend
The proofe of your election, I came
With purpose of a visit to your Master
But now salute his hearse, and weare a title
Of your Protector, in whch name I gave command
The prisoners should be sent for.
Sim. 'Tis done, and they are readie;
Philon. My Lord my part to day is to accuse
And not side in compassion,

Enter Gynecia, Musidorus, Pyrocles and Dametas guarded: a Barre set out.

Eu. That the Queene? *Philon.* Yes, My Lord
Eu. She shewes a much dejected Lady.
Philon. Has she not cause? *Eu.* Those the pretended Princes?
Of comely presence both, what's he?
Philon. *Dametas* to whose trust the King gave up
Pamela his eldest daughter. *Eu.* Where is she?
Philon. Accompanied with her sister in the Castle
Their presence might occasion some tumult,
Nor doe the *Arcadian* Lawes allow proceeding
Against the next of bloud, as they permit not
She should determine any thing her selfe
Till yeares or marriage enable her.
Dam. I will forgive thee *Philonax* for more malice then thou hast brought against my life, for being so honest to *Pamela*,
Philon. Sir I looke not for your thankes
Pyr. As you are honorable, I beseech you
I'th name of sacred Iustice, ere you further
Proceed against our facts declare what you
Determine of *Philolea*, who is all Innocence
And most unjustly suffers, tho in thought

You doubt her virgin honor *En.* She must become a recluse
And all her life with strict profession
Of Chastity repaire her blemish'd honor. *Pyr.* A Vestall?
Not if I live, yet if I die it carries
This comfort none hereafter shall enjoy
The faire *Philoclea*. *En.* Now to the Queene
Philon. Madam stand to the barre.
Gy. My barr indeede which I have laide my selfe
To bring my honor to a fall and ruine.
Oh my deere Lord my teares doe now embalme thee,
My blood shall quickly follow. *Philon.* As you are just
Let not her sorrow tempt you to forget
What sin she hath committed, I want words
To expresse the horror of the deede which will
Throw shame on all her sex. *Gy.* Stay *Philonax* sh'at have.
What thou desirest, I have been a judge already
Vpon my selfe and doe not desire life,
That am condem'd by my owne killing sentence
I doe againe confesse I was the murderer
Of your and my Lord, robd *Arcadia* and
My children of a father, I, none but I
Poyson'd *Basilius*
Pyr. Palladius dost heare? *Mus.* Vnfortunate Lady,
Gy. And what could *Philonax* say more against me?
There remaines onely to obay your Iudgement
Which cannot come in any shape of death
Too horrid for my sinne I'me very weary
Of this bad world, be just and take a life
From me that else will groane it selfe away
And mocke your Iustice.
Philon. You heare my Lord?
Evar. And thus proceede to sentence
Having confest, to spare your proofe how much
She hath offended, an example to all times
We censure thus, she shall presently
Be carried to prison where she may
Have foode but only to sustaine her life
Vntill her husbands buriall, with whom

In the ſame vault ſhe ſhall be cloſ'd alive
To keepe his body company from which
Her cruelty divorc'd his ſoule.
Gy. Ya're Iuſt.
Pyr. My heart weepes for her
Muſ. 'Tis a ſevere ſentence.
Gy. Who binds my hands? *Baſilius* I come
To dwell a living gueſt in thy ſad tombe. *Exit.*
Philon. The others to the barre
Eva. What are their names?
Pyr. *Daiphantas* of *Licia* mine
Muſ. Mine *Palladius* of *Iberia.*
Ev. We do not diſpute their titles heere, they are
Privat perſons, you may proceede.
Phil. I ſhall, and with as much brevitie
Ev. Chooſe whom you'l firſt accuſe.
Philon. Then firſt this *Daiphantas*, this *Zelmane*
This what you will, for he hath yet no name
Nor ſhape that we can truſt to, having knowledge
Of our late maſters ſolitary life,
Came not without a purpoſe of this treachery
And by the cunning of *Gynecia*
Ith habit of a woman was received
As an unſuſpected gueſt, enjoy'd the freedome,
Of thoſe whom the King plac'd neereſt his boſome,
His children not more deere, treaſon thus fortified
They ſoone conſpird the death of this good King,
A cave this Gentlewomans, lodging was
The fatall ſceane where the unhappy Queene
By his direction forc'd his deere life from him.
I omit what luſtfull motive prompted her
That with more licence ſhe might twine with this
Hermophrodite, and that they had appointed
Where they might meete when this blacke deede was done,
But heaven was mercifull and prevented her
Flight by the happy comming in of Shepheards
In the meane time tranſported with the confidence
Of her performance, that he might not leave

Any revenger of this hatefull murder
He haſtily makes up to *Philocleas* Chamber;
Whereby the mingling (what he could) her ſhame
With his offence, he eaſily might enforce
Her to be acceſſarie to her fathers death,
And under her protection, and her ſiſters
(Gainſt whom they knew we were not to rebell)
Seize with one gripe the ſtate, but heaven preſerv'd
All by the unexpected comming up
Of this *Dametas*.

Dam. Yes heaven and I preſerv'd all.

Philon. Who ſought then for *Pamela*
Which the other Princely theefe had ſtolen away,
And finding theſe, I meane *Philoclea*
And this young man together, found occaſion
To incloſe the raviſher till by command
They were apprehended: thus you have in ſhort
His wicked ſtorie, and what puniſhment
Will not be thought a mercy to that monſter
That kills a King, diſhonoreth a Queene,
And violates the daughter?

Pyr. In things promoted with ſuch cunning mixture
'Tis hard to ſhape a ſquare and direct anſwer.
My accuſers ſordid and malicious railing
More greevious to my tender ſence of honor
Then death can be, I forget him
A thing beneath my anger and arm'd with
My owne ſimplicity doubt not to aſſure
How much my cauſe is iniur'd, know Grave Iudge
This prince and I drawne hither by the fame
Of the rare beauties in *Baſilius* daughters
Knowing that with their parents they liv'd heere
Secluded from the world, where no acceſſe
In our owne perſons was to be expected,
Put on theſe formes as ſooneſt might conduce
To make our loves knowne: this *Palladius*
Became ſo fortunate that his Princely Miſtris
Conſented to forſake, and truſt his conduct

To a happier kingdome: my fortune
Was not ſo happy, for I did not cherriſh
A greater flame, yet modeſt, of *Philoclea*
Then her weake father in my ſex deceiv'd
Retain'd of me, that tyr'd with his ſolicites
I had no time to perfect my deſires
With his faire daughter,
Till under collour of ſome devotions
I made a cave my lodging to invite
Baſilius thether, with full hope to enjoy me,
But this revealing to the Queene, ſhe tooke
My place to make the old King ſee his follies.
In the meane time I muſt confeſſe I went
To bright *Philocleas* Chamber hoping to
Win her by all the charmes of noble love
To leave *Arcadia*; but ſhe unhappily
Obeying her owne Genius gave no
Conſent, when in the midſt of my ſecuritie
I know not by what meanes I was made priſoner.
And heere's the thred to guide through this laborinth.
Me thinkes your man of mightie tongue ſhould bluſh
To have ſpent his rage ſo poorely.

Ev. What is all this to the death of the old King?

Pyr. By all the gods I am innocent
The Queene hath abſolu'd me, as for *Philoclea*
If you will call't a cryme in that I lov'd her
I am and ſhall be guiltie, but had never
A thought ſo rude to force her unſtain'd chaſtity:
Or if the honor of this excellent Lady
Suffer it'h blind opinion of the world
Our marriage not my death may cure all wounds
Malice can faſten on her name.

Philon. Oh impudence.

Ev. If this be all you have to ſay proceede
To his confederate.

Philon. The imagination how miſerable
Theſe juglers would have made us and our Country
If their diſguiſe had proſper'd, ſtrikes a terror

Through all my faculties, my tongue's enfeebled.
Therefore to omit his practice in the murder
Which you may easily collect by circumstance
This is enough to call him a foule traytor
He did attempt to steale away our princesse
The hope and treasure of *Arcadia*
And taken in the fact dares not deny it,
Had he no other cryme to answer for
This pulls severe death on him, and to insist
Vpon offences of so foule a nature
Were to distrust your wisdome or your Iustice.
Thou to ther shame of mankinde speake to this.
Muſ. Not for thy sake who in this misery
Hast only merrited to be my scorne
But for the truth I answer, pardon sir
If passion make me not remember language
That should become this place, this ill tongu'd man
That with such vehemence accuseth thus
Is himselfe guilty.
Philon. How?
Muſ. Of a more hatefull vice, ingratitude.
Is this the paiment for our services
Which once thy tongue acknowledged had deserv'd
Statues to the eternall memory
Of the preservers of your King and Country?
Is all the vallor of this young man cancell'd
When Rebells had advanc'd their daring swords
High as the throat of your old King, his wife
And trembling daughters, is the time forgotten
When wild beasts had prepared their riotous mawes
To bury the deere pledges of your kingdome?
Oh where had been my treason or his rape
Had they been then devourd? the ground has not
Drunke up the blood so perfectly, but there
Remaines a coulour to teach impious men
To blush for their ingratitude, have we
Beene careless of our lives to preserve
The King when danger threatend horror to him?

And can a temperate man imagine we
Should be his murderers, we had not sav'd
To be our selves the hangmen? but I'me charg'd
For stealing of your Princesse, can your breathes
Acknowledge her your Soveraigne, and allow
No faith to what she sayes, you have degraded
My blood from honor, and vnlesse you make me
Lesse then her subject I was bound to obay
When she commanded I should waite upon her,
But you'l object I counsell'd her, I did
And justifie the act, she was confinde
Too narrowly, and I durst leade her to
A throane above the Majesty her birth
Can challenge in *Arcadia*, love whose force
The gods have not resisted may plead for me.

Ev. Is this all?

Mus. Tho it want method 'tis enough to vindicate
My honor from his base aspertion.

Ev. To him you call *Dametas*

Dam. Not guilty my Lord, as I hope to be sav'd not guilty.

Philon. Neglect of the great charge with which the King
Our Master trusted him summes up his fault.

Dam. I was made a gould-finder, I desire Iustice for him and
Mercy for my selfe.

Philon. Silence.

Ev. I have heard you with attention, and whereas
To the Kings death (the unhappy cause of this
Assembly) you have answer'd with deniall
Which you thinke fortified by the Queenes
Selfes only accusation, I must tell you
It frees you not, for tho no manifest proofes
Yet circumstances well examin'd make you,
The accidentall causes of his murder.
For the other part of your offence I finde not
You have deny'd your guilt, but onely use
Qualification and excuse; your services
In themselves high and honorable, allow you
No priviledge to offend, but give your blacke faults

A blacke die; then justly weighing your offence, you meete
In equall guilt, for tho you first conveid
Away *Pamela*, his intention was
Earely as yours, and by the rules of justice
The will stands for the act, both ravished
Although not of the Ladies from themselves
Yet from their parents and their countrie, which
By all the *Grecian* Lawes is paid with death.
Thus then I must pronounce *Daiphantas* shall
Be throwne from some high tower to meete his death,
Palladius loose his head before Sunne-set
The executioner shall be *Dametas*
Which office of the common hangman he
Shall for his whole life execute, a punishment
For his neglect of duty.

Dam. must I be hangman? oh brave, heaven preserve your Lordship, I shall quickly learne the trade, and if ever any of your honors have occasion to use me, I will owe you a good turne, and in token I have beene bound to you the knot of my dutifull affection, shall tell a tale in your eare you shall thanke me when you are hang'd, come your wayes, but I beseech your Lordship, I may be allow'd a man some times I would be loath to hange or to behead my selfe, my wife or my owne kindred, but if it happen there be more worke then he can turne his hands to, I will not sticke with him to hang my selfe, provide you malefactors and let me alone for halters.

Enter Callander and Calodoulus

Cala. Hold stay the prisoners my Lord Protector

Calo. Oh my Lord

Mus. My servant *Calodoulus* by thy duty
Reveale us not.

Calo. Let me rather be dumbe eternally
Then two such princes be lost by my silence.

Ev. My sonne and Nephew are they living?

Calo. Your owne *Pyrocles* and his Princely Nephew.

Cala. Aske your father blessing, uphand 'em rascalls.

Philon. The two most famous Princes in the world.

Mus. Tis *Evarchus* thy father *Pyrocles*, my uncle king of *Macedon*, all yee gods, my heart is extaside with joy.

Pyr. My father

Ev. My blessing and my teares you both devide,
Witnesse with me, yee immortall powers this day
I have done nothing, but what justice and
Your native lawes require, without the knowledge
How neere they were to my owne blood, but since
They are prou'd my Sonne and Nephew
Endow'd by nature richly, and how merriting
The fame and love of all the world before
This accident, I leave to your owne thoughts,
Besides these two I have no joyes of life.

Cala. Excellent *Evarchus*; why did your change your names?

Pyr. To prevent the dishonor of our blood
If we had suffer'd

Ev. But I have judg'd already and if right
I have not wrong'd, vnlesse the name
Of child have power to alter sacred Iustice
You both must dye, though when I speake your death
It creeps upon my heart.

Mus. We dreame, is this thy father *Pyrocles*? *Ev.* Away with em.

Mus. 'Tis most tyranicall he is thy sonne.
Thou wot not be a murderer of thy owne?
Make not thy name hated of all the world
When it shall say hereafter *Pyrocles*
Had no fault in him but he was thy sonne.

Pyr. For me I am his owne and being so
Dispos'd of by his Iustice; to whom rather
I hop'd to have been a comfort then a shame
I kisse my sentence; but you cannot place
Your Kinsman in the sacrifice his mother
And countrie pleade a title he is theirs
Oh save my princely cosen

Ev. Sure I shannot live
Long after them, and Gentlemen if I dye
Before I leave *Arcadia* let my ashes
Mingle with theirs: *Bas.* oh oh oh

Dam. My Lord, Gentlemen, there's something stirs and greans
Come backe.

Ev. *Basilius* alive, assist him *Philonax*.
He breathes, what fiteames of joy runne through me?
Send for *Gynecia* and his daughters.
Bas Why am I supported thus like a dead man?
What are you?
Ev. *Evarchus* your old friend.
Bas. I ha seene that face before, 'tis like sweete *Zelmane*.
Ev. My sonne
Pyr. But was a conterfeit *Zelmane*.
Bas. Wonders, and you?
Ev. My Nephew, prince of *Thessaly* *Enter Gynecia, Pamela*
Mus. The late your servant *Dorus* *and Philoclea.*
Bas. Very strange; *Gynecia*
Gy. My deere Lord return'd
A thousand kisses welcome him to life
Which I was wearie of in thy losse.
Bas. My daughters
Pam. Oh my father
Bas. Are you *Philonax*?
Ev. Your trusty servant
Philon. The oracle is accomplish'd.
Bas. You amaze me, let me collect
Phi. Oh my sweet *Pyrocles*
Pam. We shall not be divor'd I hope agen
Pyr. I am your servant ever
Mus. Devinest Mistris
Ev. Your soules I see are married
Let me present these princes to be your sonnes
Bas. Is this reall?
Gy. 'Tis dangerous to expect the storie.
I fear'd the drinke, but it may be his vertue
To encrease his love to me, Ile tell you more within sir.
Philon. Let me obtaine your pardons
Ev. To his Chamber leade him gently
Bas. All is strange.
Mus. Never was day so full of happy change *Florish.*

FINIS.